

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

A Diet for Mental Dyspeptics—A Salad for Small Salaries, AND A SALVE FOR BAD CUTS.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR. NUMBER CXXII. GREAT MEETING OF



THE PUMMEL-LOGICAL AND HAUGHTY-CULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Our city, this week, has been overrun with fruitists and florists. Gentlemen from the North, Northeast and Northwest, and from places to which the compass never points, have been traversing our streets and looking into our shop windows...



Exotics, and some were



Native Plants,

but all were desirous of making their visit to the Quaker City not entirely fruitless; consequently they brought great quantities of it with them.

On Thursday morning last some of them met at the Continental Hotel, where they discussed, with Dr. Pepsin, the best way to get a sight at Mayor Fox.

The Doctor said there were various ways of getting before the Mayor. One was by knocking down the waiters, or by winking at the lady boarders of the hotel (he did not speak from experience), or by cutting the painted pictures out of the Society's posters.

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spot, with Washington done in marble in front of us, supplanting in attraction Mrs. Patten's coffee stand of by-gone days; may we hope, amid the glories of these associations, that the market for string beans may always remain firm, and their yearning tendrils in their grasp extend from pole to pole? (Immense cheering.)

Sir—Permit me to introduce these rural gentlemen to the Mayor of a city that has no equal in the quality or quantity of its "dead bees," found, as they are, in every department of its society. (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which the Doctor hid his face with both hands.) The funny gentleman who has the banquet department in his special charge now stepped forward to read what he called his "Hints to Editors," but was waved back by the Doctor, when Mayor Fox stepped forward and replied as follows:—

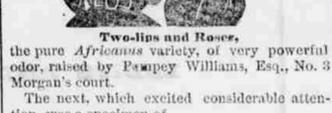
Mayor Fox's Piece. Gentlemen—I enter upon a very agreeable duty (Here Chief St. Clair Mulholland ordered, Silence!) I am very glad you've come. Let's have those grapes I see in your hand. (Here St. Clair walked forward to receive them.) Not being a florist, I can't be so flowery as the facetious Doctor that has preceded me. (Here St. Clair issued an order for Applause No. 1.) Let me say, gentlemen, that I am highly pleased that you have selected our city to exhibit yourselves in. My Chief here will be happy to take you up in the steeple or anywhere else. As your horticultural men say, the season is over for our Water Works, else I would invite you to Fairmount. Just now our water crop, like your peaches, is on its last—Lydia Thompson, so to speak. (Here St. Clair issued an order, Applause No. 2.) I trust when the time comes for you to leave for your respective homes that you will not, in the language of the poet, stand upon the order of your going, but go at once. (Great cheering, led by the Mayor's Chief St.)

Colonel M. P. Notsowild, President of the Pummel Logicals, now stepped forward and said:— Mr. Mayor, Zurr—We have come from as party a piece of land as you'd see in a month's journey, to bring a little of our truck to this ere fair. We've seed most of your sights; we're waitin' for a little feed as the Doctor ez promised us to-morrow night up there to the Continental tavern; afterwards I guess ez most likely the left of us will skeddadle. We'd like you, howsoever, Mr. Mayor, to come up to the fair and see us; we're doin' our poetest now. Bring them fellers dressed in blue clothes along with you, ef they'll come.

The reception was then over and the party separated, the Doctor and rurals taking one course—the Mayor and his staff the other.

Below we give a few illustrations of the prize specimens seen in the Fruit and Floral department at Horticultural Hall.

Prominent in the gallery was a fine exhibition of



Two-lips and Roses,

the pure Africanus variety, of very powerful odor, raised by Pampus Williams, Esq., No. 3 Morgan's court.

The next, which excited considerable attention, was a specimen of



Native Whites,

the fruit grown without training. These whites were furnished by a gentleman who has an establishment near a slaughter-house in the northwestern part of the city.

A most interesting specimen of cultivated fruit was



The Sickles Pair,

recommended as being very thrifty and hardy. This is a most prolific fruit.

In the floral department a fine specimen called the Ear-rooms Bunnierocks



In Full Blossom.

This plant thrives best under glass. Should always be kept in a warm place. Its bulbs should be protected with a glass tumbler. Care should be taken that too much water does not get to it.

Other specimens attracted considerable attention, but the names of them are so foreign to the articles that we do not wish to tax the credulity of our readers by giving them.

ANNA.

Miss Dickinson Visits Salt Lake City—Her Impressions of Polygamy—Naughty Men and Sinful Women—She is Ashamed of Her Sex. Miss Dickinson visited Salt Lake City, and then went to San Francisco, and raised money by telling and commenting on what she saw. Of her lecture, delivered on the 7th instant, we present our readers with these extracts:—

A MORMON FAMILY—MR. SMITH AND THE MRS. SMITH.

I called at a house there and I sat down in the parlor, and in came a man and a woman. "Miss Dickinson, my wife, Mrs. Smith," and in came another woman, "my wife, Mrs. Smith," and in came another, "my wife, Mrs. Smith" (laughter);

and so on through a whole lot of them, all "my wife, Mrs. Smith." And not one of these women came in as the happy wife or mother, or as the mistress of that home; but all sunk in with a dejected, servile air, looking like tolerated slaves rather than anything else. One of them told me that she had six children, another that she had twelve, and another that she had fifteen (laughter), and half of all of them were dead, and I looked at the other half, and when I saw the wretched, unhealthy creatures, I cried, "My God! the hand of death is on them too!"

BRIGHTMAN'S THEATRE.

I went to the theatre. I went expecting to be disgusted, but I was more than that. There were women all around me, and each bending over ten or fifteen women, and I was told they were his wives; and as I looked around and saw these women and their degradation, such a sense of shame and despair came over me that I cried, "O, God! let me die where I stand," and then the second thought came, and I said, "Oh no, let me not die, for that would be cowardly indeed, but give me strength to withstand and do battle against this!"

NAUGHTY GENTLE VISITORS.

I came out to Salt Lake City with the best men in the country—men who the country delights to honor and reverence—and, as we all knew we were coming to Salt Lake City, we naturally talked a great deal about it, and what do you think was the tenor of these men's conversation? Why, after I had listened some time I thought I should pray for tenfoldness or cotton to put in my ears. They thought Mormonism a fine institution; it must be a jolly place where a man can have a dozen or two of wives and yet be respectable. It must be jolly to live in a place where divorces are had for five dollars, and where, if you get tired of your wife, you can take on a pretty little Mormon and no one can say a word to you. Nice conversation for respectable men, and all of them married but two, even if "it all was a joke." Why, they would think them women who were lost to all sense of dignity and honor.

SLAVERY OF MORMON WOMEN.

I asked why, and simultaneously with the question came the answer, and I saw why. In this second Sodom—this Salt Lake City—is sanctioned openly what is tolerated in San Francisco and New York. The idea is nothing more than this: that woman is man's property all over the world, his to hold and to keep, she to be humble and to serve and he to be indisputable lord and master. I stand here to say to you tonight, to you men who listen to me, that a woman is just an individual as responsible and capable of action for herself as a man. I stand here to enter my protest as a woman against such a blasphemy as this:—"That a woman is made for a man," "that she is his property," "his to hold and to keep," "that she is nothing—a myth." That is what is being thundered from every pulpit in every city, what every newspaper in the land says and every man. Woman is to abject herself and debase herself and humble herself and lose all her individuality, and if she rebels, society will only increase her misery. Men want to control in everything, they want to be the masters of all. They have always had the muscle and the force, and now they want to revive the old brutality, the old serfdom and slavery that characterize barbarous and uncivilized people.

INSIDE OF A HAREM.

In Salt Lake City I went to the house of a Mormon elder. I was told beforehand he had two wives, and that they had both lived together some fifteen years, and were perfectly happy and contented—they lived together in one house, and there in Salt Lake it was a splendid one. Magnificent furniture, fine rooms, fine gardens, and numerous servants. I and my friends sat down in the parlor, and in came one of this man's wives. She was a fine, good-looking, healthy Englishwoman, and she could not speak ten words of grammatical English to save her life. I talked freely to her; there was no hindrance to that. I asked her how long she had been married. "Seventeen years." "Married here?" "No." "Married in England?" "No." "Where were you married then?" "In St. Joseph." Her husband began to fidget, and sent her out to get a piece of gold, or quartz, or something of that kind. I understood it all. She came back, and could not find it of course. I knew that I had commenced where we had broken off, and her husband immediately wanted something on the top of the house. When she got back again, I tried to commence again where we had left off, and he broke in. "Miss Dickinson came to eat strawberries and cream with me, and she sees they are ready." I understood it all. Yes, every word of it. By and by in came another sad-looking but handsome woman. I looked at her. Said I at once, "Madam, you are the second wife; and so it turned out. She also was an Englishwoman, and the prettiest of them were the handsomest women I saw at Salt Lake. But she appeared sad and worn. There was no "joyous happiness of married life" about her. There was a piano in the room, and it came the little girl of the house, and at once the father said something about music, and was evidently very proud of his daughter's capabilities in that line. So I asked her to play, and she did, and made a horrid din, and under cover of the noise and din, I had my conversation with the wife. She did not understand their doctrines. I asked her, "Did you know when you married your husband that he could, if he would, marry another woman?" "No." "Did he not tell you so at the time?" "No, he did not. Our missionaries and elders when they go out they preach that." "So you knew nothing of it?" "Nothing at all." "But when you came here and saw it was so, were you not greatly disappointed and chagrined?" "No, I was not. I was sure my husband would never marry again." "But he did," said I. "Yes," she answered, and a sad, harrowed look came over her countenance. "Yes, only a year after he married again." "And do you like that? do you like him to have more wives than one?" "Oh, yes, I do! I wish he had six or seven." I saw through it all in a minute. I understood the state of that woman's mind at once. But I was not surprised. I looked blank and I went back on the old tack. I commenced and questioned her about her English life, and I painted the picture of the Hindu costume at home, and the courtship, and at last the marriage to the whole-souled, honest husband; and how they would live together, and how she would wait at the door of their home and watch for his coming in the evening; and I asked her if she could not be happy there and away, and she put her handsome hand to her face and bowed her head and cried, "Oh, my God! couldn't I!" And then it was plain, it was easy to see, how that woman really thought and felt.

SIDE-SADDLES DENOUNCED.

Miss Dickinson's lecture was a very long one. She spoke for almost two hours, and the measure she said. She gave a description of her tour to the Yosemite valley, and commented very severely on the "ridiculous side-saddle mode of riding" that society had imposed on her sex, and said she knew what she was talking about. She had tried both ways, and she could ride with ease in the masculine style. The side-saddle style was very typical of the mode in which women go through the world; it is a one-sided style all through; one side worn out, and one side cramped and dulled from want of use. She concluded her lecture at 10 1/2 o'clock, amid loud applause.

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THE MISSES ROGERS, No. 1014 PINE STREET, have reopened their School for Young Ladies and Children. 9 1/2 3m

THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, NORTHWEST CORNER SQUAIRE, CHESTNUT AND WALNUT STS., 9 1/2 3m

MISS BURNHAM'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES opens September 20. Personal interview can be had here September 15, at No. 1014 PINE Street. For circulars, address F. K. GOURLAY, Esq., No. 4 WALNUT Street. 9 1/2 3m

H. D. GREGORY, A. M., will REOPEN HIS CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL, No. 20 MARKET STREET, on MONDAY, September 15, 1869. 8 1/2 3m

MR. G. F. BISHOP, TEACHER OF SINGING and Piano, No. 35 NINTH STREET, 8 1/2 3m

THE MISSES GREGORY WILL REOPEN their SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, No. 20 LOCUST STREET, on MONDAY, September 15, 1869. 8 1/2 3m

MISS BONNEY and MISS DILLAYE WILL REOPEN their BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL (twentieth year), Sept. 15, at No. 412 CHESTNUT Street. Particulars from Circulars. 8 1/2 3m

MISS JENNIE T. BECK, TEACHER of Piano, will resume her duties September 6, at No. 746 FLORIDA Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. 8 1/2 3m

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS, 124 BROAD FALL QUARTER, will begin MONDAY, October 11, 1869. For circulars, address F. K. GOURLAY, Esq., No. 4 WALNUT Street, between the MUSIC STORES, 10th and 11th Sts. 8 1/2 3m

MISS CLEVELAND DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE that she will open on MONDAY, September 20, her BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for the education of a limited number of Young Ladies. Circulars may be had on application at No. 28 1/2 EIGHTH Street, between the MUSIC STORES, 10th and 11th Sts. 8 1/2 3m

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE, ENGLISH AND FRENCH, for Young Ladies, 124 BROAD FALL QUARTER, No. 127 and 129 SPRUCE Street, Philadelphia. REOPEN on MONDAY, September 20, 1869. French in the language of the family, and is constantly spoken in the Institute. MADAME D'HERVILLE, Principal. 7 1/2 3m